

dear friend

this  
is what happens when the  
drink and the life  
catch up with what is left of  
one.  
I still hope to send you the  
paperback although it is all  
puffed-up. I read  
most of it in the bathroom and the  
faucets drip hot water and make  
steam  
and that is what happened to the pages and  
the binding is about to  
pop  
but I still thought I'd mail it to  
you but  
something always happens --  
there is a mirror  
                                here and  
I see myself in the mirror  
and I stagger like a deer taking a  
slug in the neck

the face is not what it should  
be and I tell myself that it does not  
matter that I  
am tired of factual and recognized  
good  
that we need new goodness new  
truth for  
ourselves and  
let the others wear that  
out.

but anyhow  
I still hope to mail you the  
paperback  
I am sure I will mail it to you  
sometime I think I will  
just walk into the room and brush by  
knock it to the floor with my  
hand and pick it up  
without looking at anything  
and I will find an envelope and  
mail it to  
you

I want to get it out  
of here.

-- Charles Bukowski